

## A2IL 26 11 15 De la langue du lecteur à la langue du traducteur

### C. Chollier

“De là la vanité de la traduction : il serait aussi sage de jeter une violette dans un creuset afin de découvrir les principes de sa couleur et de son odeur, que de chercher à faire passer d’une langue dans une autre les créations d’un poète. La plante doit renaître de sa semence, ou elle ne portera pas de fleur ; et c’est là que l’on sent tout le poids de la malédiction de Babel » (P. B. Shelley, *Défense de la poésie*)<sup>1</sup>.

#### 1. Quelques jalons pour la réflexion

Signifiants

↕ *signes*

Signifiés

↕ *imagisation*

Simulacres multimodaux

↕ *référenciation*

Percepts d’objet

↕ *objectivation*

Objets

### D’où viennent nos impressions référentielles ?

#### 2. Que fait-on quand on lit ?

<b>Composantes sémantiques</b>	<b>Métamorphismes = changements de forme</b>	<b>Métatopies = changement de fond</b>
<i>Thématique</i> (contenus)	Transformation d’un thème par perte ou gain de trait	Changement d’isotopie, comme par exemple //nature// remplacée par //culture//
<i>Dialectique</i>	Transformation narrative par	Changement de séquence dans le récit

<sup>1</sup> “Hence the vanity of translation; it were as wise to cast a violet into a crucible that you might discover the formal principle of its colour and odour, as seek to transfuse from one language into another the creations of a poet. The plant must spring again from its seed, or it will bear no flower – and this is the burthen of the curse of Babel.” (Shelley, *A Defence of Poetry*)

(états, processus, rôles)	changement d'état, de processus, de rôle	
<i>Dialogique</i> (énonciations) et modalités)	Changement de foyer énonciatif	Changement de ton
<i>Tactique</i> (disposition)	Changement de succession	Changement de rythme

Tableau des Transformations de forme (métamorphismes) et de fond (métatopies)

### 3. Que fait-on quand on traduit ?

#### 3.1 TEXTE → DIALECTE → CONTEXTE, ou comment le contexte peut ou ne peut pas lever les ambiguïtés dialectales

##### 3.1.1 choix des temps (dialogique et dialectique)

The third boy came out on all fours, shook himself like a beast, and stood up, supporting himself briefly on the pillars. He was about Julian's height. He was shaking, whether with fear or wrath Tom could not tell. He pushed a dirty hand across his face, rubbing his eyes, which even in the gloom could be seen to be red-rimmed. He put his head down, and tensed. Tom saw the thought go through him, he could charge the two of them, head-butt them and flee down the corridors. He didn't move and didn't answer.

"What are you doing down here?" Julian insisted.

A.S. Byatt. *The Children's Book* (2010).

##### 3.1.2 Isotopies du contexte (thématique)

Ellerbee had been having a bad time of it. He'd had financial reversals. Change would slip out of his pockets and slide down into the crevices of other people's furniture. He dropped deposit bottles and lost money in pay phones and vending machines. He over-tipped in dark taxi-cabs. He had many such financial reversals. He was stuck with Superbowl tickets when he was suddenly called out of town and with theater and opera tickets when the ice was too slick to move his car out of his driveway. But all this was small potatoes. His portfolio was a disgrace. He had gotten into mutual funds at the wrong time and out at a worse. His house, appraised for tax purposes at many thousands of dollars below its replacement cost, burned down, and recently, his once flourishing liquor store, one of the largest in Minneapolis, had drawn the attentions of burly, hopped-up and armed deprivators, ski-masked, head-stockinged. Two of his clerks had been shot, one killed, the other crippled and brain damaged, during the most recent visitation by these maraudeurs...

His wife asked : 'Who's going to protect you ? The insurance companies red-lined that lousy neighborhood a year ago. We won't get a penny.'

'I'm selling the store, May. I can't afford to run it anymore.'

'Selling ? Who'd buy it ? Selling !'

'I'll see what I can get for it,' Ellerbee said.

In fact Ellerbee had a buyer in mind - a **syndicate** that specialized in buying up business in decaying neighborhoods - liquor and drugstores, small groceries - and then put in ex-**convicts** as personnel, Green Berets from **Vietnam**, off-duty **policemen**, experts in the **martial** arts. Once the word was out, no one ever attempted to rob these places. The syndicate hiked the price of each item at least twenty percent - and got it. Ellerbee was fascinated and appalled by their **strong-armed** tactics. Indeed, he more than a little suspected that it was the syndicate itself which had been robbing him - all three times his store had been held up he had not been in it - to inspire him to sell, perhaps.

Stanley Elkin, « The Conventional Wisdom », 1977.

### 3.1.3 Hyper-correction syntaxique et/ou cohésion sémantique ?

He looked at the bottle glinting in the moon's light, looked at the hands that held it.

Like the rest of him they had started off long and thin. **Lying curled** in his mother's belly, **his fingers** had been **long starfish tendrils**, swimming in the womb's warm fluid, seeking nothing but the soft perpetual baby's ride to nowhere.

Matt Cohen, *The Sweet Second Summer of Kitty Malone* (1979)

### 3.1.4 Formes grammaticales des auxiliaires modaux (choix dialogique)

Then warm reassuring voices like Ben Compton's when he was feeling well **were telling her** that Public Opinion **wouldn't** allow it, that after all Americans had a sense of Justice and **Fair Play**, that the Workingclass **would** rise; she'd see crowded meetings, slogans, banners, glary billboards with letters pitching into perspective saying: *Workers of the World Unite*, **she'd be marching** in the middle of crowds in parades of protest. (John Dos Passos, *The Big Money* (1936) pp. 459-460)

...

She'd wake up with a start, bathe and dress hurriedly, and rush down to the office of the committee [...] if she slackened her work for a moment, **she'd see** their faces, the shoemaker's sharplymodeled pale face with the flashing eyes and the fishpeddler's philosophical mustaches and his musing unscared eyes.

John Dos Passos, *The Big Money* (1936) pp. 459-460

### 3.1.5 De la langue à la culture

*Twelfth Night* de Shakespeare

### 3.1.6 Contexte et variante dialectale, ou comment traduire une variante dialectale dans le contexte

Through some **atavistic mist**, Martha peered back east, beyond Kansas, back beyond her motherhood, her teen years, her arrival in Virginia, to a smooth white beach where a trembling girl waited with two boys and a man. Standing off, a ship. Her journey had been a long one. [...]

Lucy would be waiting for her in California, for it was she who had persuaded Martha Randolph that there were colored folks living on both sides of the mountains now. Living. According to Lucy, colored folks of all ages and backgrounds, of all classes and colors, were looking to the coast. Lucy's **man** had told her, and Lucy in turn had told Martha. Girl, you sure? Apparently, these days, colored folks were **not** heading west prospecting for **no** gold, they were just prospecting for a new life **without** having to pay **no** heed to the white man and his ways. Prospecting for a place where things were a little better than bad, and where you weren't always looking over your shoulder and wondering when somebody was going to do you wrong.

## 3.2 TEXTE → SOCIOLECTE → CONTEXTE

### 3.2.1 Le récit colonial d'Orwell

It was in Burma, a sodden morning of the rains. A sickly light, like yellow tinfoil, was slanting over the high walls into the jail yard. We were waiting outside the condemned cells, a row of sheds fronted with double bars, like small animal cages. Each cell measured about ten feet by ten and was quite bare within except for a plank bed and a pot of **drinking water**. In some of them brown silent men were squatting at the inner bars, with their blankets draped round them. These were the condemned men, due to be hanged within the next week or two.

One prisoner had been brought out of his cell. He was a Hindu, a puny wisp of a man, with a shaven head and vague liquid eyes. He had a thick, sprouting moustache, absurdly too big for his body, rather like the moustache of a comic man on the films. Six tall Indian warders were guarding him and getting him ready for the gallows. Two of them stood by with rifles and fixed bayonets, while the others **handcuffed him**, passed a chain through his handcuffs and fixed it to their belts, and **lashed his arms tight to his sides**. They crowded very close about him, with their hands always on him in **a careful, caressing grip**, as though all the while feeling him to make sure he was there. It was like **men handling a fish** which is still alive and may jump back into the water. But he stood quite unresisting, yielding his arms limply to the ropes, as though he hardly noticed what was happening.

George Orwell « A Hanging » (1931)

The convicts, under the command of warders armed with lathis, were already receiving their breakfast. They squatted in long rows, each man holding a tin pannikin, while two warders with buckets marched round ladling out rice; it seemed quite a **homely, jolly scene**, after the hanging. An enormous relief had come upon us now that **the job was done**. One felt an impulse to sing, to break into a run, to snigger. All at once everyone began chattering **gaily**.

'Well, sir, all hass passed off with the utmost **satisfactoriness**. It wass all finished - flick! like that. It iss not always so - oah, no! I have known cases where the doctor wass obliged to go beneath the gallows and pull the prisoner's legs to ensure decease. Most disagreeable!'

'Wriggling about, eh? That's bad,' said the superintendent.

'Ach, sir, it iss worse when they become refractory!

[...]

We all had a drink together, native and European alike, quite **amicably**. The dead man was a hundred yards away.

### 3.2.2 L'intertexte et Margaret Atwood

***The Handmaid's Tale* (1985) est traduit : *La Servant écarlate*.**

Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter* (1850).

Arthur Miller, *Les Sorcières de Salem* (*The Crucible*, 1953)

Geoffrey Chaucer, *The Canterbury Tales*.

*La Voleuse d'hommes* (Éditions Robert Laffont, 1987) traduit *The Robber Bride* (1993)

*Captive* (Éditions Robert Laffont, 1998) est la traduction de *Alias Grace* (1996),

*Le Dernier Homme* (Éditions Robert Laffont, 2005) est la traduction de *Oryx and Crake*, (2003),

### 3.3 L'IDIOLECTE et le CONTEXTE

#### 3.3.1 Atwood (*The Handmaid's Tale*)

« her [the wife's] skinny legs come down on either side, like the arms of an **eccentric chair** » (135).

*ses jambes décharnées pendent de chaque côté comme les accoudoirs d'un fauteuil biscornu* (p. 212).

What we prayed for was emptiness, so we would be worthy to be filled: with grace, with love, with self-denial, semen and babies.

Oh God, King of the universe, thank you for not creating me a man.

Oh God, obliterate me. Make me fruitful. Mortify my flesh, that I may be multiplied. **Let me be fulfilled...**

Some of them would get carried away with this. **The ecstasy of abasement.** Some of them would moan and cry. 204

Ce que nous demandions dans nos prières, c'était d'être vides, pour être dignes d'être remplies : de grâce, d'amour, d'abnégation, de sperme et de bébés.

Ô Dieu ? Roi de l'Univers, merci de ne pas m'avoir faite homme !

Ô Dieu, efface-moi ! Rends-moi féconde. Mortifie ma chair, pour que je me multiplie. **Fais que je me réalise...** (p. 324)

Moira was out there somewhere. She was at large, or dead. What would she do? The thought of what she would do expanded till it filled the room. At any moment there might be a shattering explosion, the glass of windows would fall inwards, the doors would swing open... Moira had power now, she'd been set loose, she'd set herself loose. She was now **a loose woman**. 143 (Nous soulignons)

*Moira était dehors, quelque part. Elle était en liberté, ou morte. Qu'allait-elle faire ? L'idée de ce qu'elle ferait gonfla jusqu'à emplir la pièce. A tout moment il risquait d'y avoir une explosion fracassante, les vitres de fenêtres tomberaient à l'intérieur, les portes s'ouvriraient toutes seules.... Moira avait maintenant un pouvoir, elle avait été libérée, elle s'était libérée. C'était maintenant **une femme libre**.* (tr. Sylviane Rué, Robert Laffont, 1987, 2005, 225)

I wait, for the **household** to assemble. **Household**: that is what we are. The Commander is the head of the **household**. The house is what he **holds**. To have and **to hold**, till death do us part.

**The hold** of a ship. Hollow. (91)

J'attends que la maisonnée se réunisse. Une *maisonnée*, c'est ce que nous sommes. Le Commandant est le maître de notre maison. Il maîtrise notre maison. Posséder et maîtriser, jusqu'à ce que la mort nous sépare.

Maître à bord, les cales du navire, vides. (tr. Sylviane Rué, Robert Laffont, 1987, 2005, 138)

Cf. « We are two-legged wombs, that's all: sacred vessels, ambulatory chalices » (146).

« What's your paper on? I just did one on date rape.

Date rape, I said. You're so trendy. It sounds like some kind of dessert. *Date rapé.* » (47)

La première occurrence de « date rape » (47) devient *le viol au vent du samedi soir* (70), le dessert un hors-d'œuvre (soit), et la déformation « *Date rapé* » (48) est rétablie en *Vol au vent* » (p. 70).

### 3.3.2 Lowry

### 3.3.3 Duras

Je parle du temps qui a précédé le collège de Saïgon. A partir de là bien sûr j'ai toujours mis des chaussures. Ce jour-là je dois porter cette fameuse paire de talons hauts en lamé or. Je ne vois rien d'autre que je pourrais porter ce jour-là, alors je les porte. Soldes soldés que ma mère a achetés. Je porte ces lamés or pour aller au lycée. Je vais au lycée en chaussures du soir ornées de petits motifs en strass. C'est ma volonté. Je ne me supporte qu'avec cette paire de chaussures-là et encore maintenant je me veux comme ça...

Marguerite DURAS, *L'Amant* (1984)

.....

### Conclusion (toujours provisoire)

Et pour finir sur un sourire :

« Cette fille est jolie » :: *Questa ragazza è abbastanza,*

« Je pense que vous avez un président magnifique » :: *penso che tu abbia una bella sedia,*  
c'est-à-dire : « Je pense que tu as une jolie chaise »,

*Hai fatto un compito terrificante*, :: « Tu as fait un devoir terriblement mauvais », « Vous avez fait un travail formidable »

« Il pleut des cordes » :: *Piove gatti e cani*

THE END